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TAD AND HIS FATHER

F. LAURISTON BULLARD

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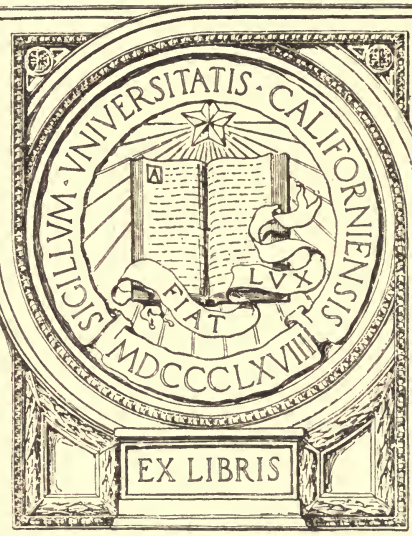

TAD AND HIS FATHER

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

From an Engraving after the Photograph by Brady

TAD
AND HIS FATHER

BY

F. LAURISTON BULLARD

WITH FRONTISPIECE
AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY

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To
H. D. B.
AND
C. E. B.

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TAD AND HIS FATHER

ON a day in the late summer of 1862, the President of the United States and his Cabinet were in conference in a large room upon the second floor of the White House in Washington. The windows opened to the southward, and the men about the big table, strewn with papers and books, sometimes looked rather wistfully at the Potomac River and the Virginia hills under the warm sunshine without. A war map, hanging from a roller in one corner of the room, was

thickly stuck with pins of various sizes and colors. An engraved portrait of Andrew Jackson looked severely down from the north wall, and upon the mantel there stood a photograph of the English champion of the American Union, John Bright.

The members of the Cabinet were engaged in a discussion of the military situation, and the President was listening quietly to their informal remarks. Their tones and gestures were those of men sorely disappointed and somewhat discouraged. The Confederates, elated by their recent successes, were carrying the war into the North, declaring their intention to release Maryland from the "foreign yoke."

Intently the President studied the

faces of his advisers. There sat William Henry Seward, his head, with its beetling brows, seeming almost too heavy for his slender neck and small body. The strong, aquiline nose projected over the chest in a manner suggestive of inquiry and combat. The eyes were keen, the mouth firm, the hair white, with glimpses in its tangle of an early tinge of red. Subtle and witty in speech, the Secretary of State indulged in some characteristic eccentricities of exaggeration which brought the President forward into his favorite attitude for listening, both hands clasping his left knee, and his face at the same time took on a look of worn and sad attention.

There sat Edwin M. Stanton, burly and aggressive, a natural primal force,

devoid of tact, scornful of ceremony, inexorable as fate, well hit off by the name of the god of war which the President playfully applied to him. A mass of black, curling hair and a long beard surrounded the leonine head, with its sharp eyes, which the spectacles could not dim, and its strong, full lips. He gave full sway to his brusque intolerance of forms and spoke vehemently and with intense earnestness of the commanders in the field, only in a few minutes to veer to a mood as warm and caressing as the September sunshine.

Salmon P. Chase was striding about the room, an impressive figure, two inches more than six feet in height. The President's eyes turned expectantly upon him. The Secretary of the Treas-

ury looked the Roman statesman, lacking only the toga to complete the illusion. His domelike, massive head had the qualities of the marble bust which later was to be considered his most perfect likeness. His austere manner and the cold look in his bluish-gray eyes seemed almost to affect the atmosphere of the room.

There also sat Gideon Welles, big, quiet, unassuming, his carefully adjusted wig giving him an absurd appearance which accounted for the popular notion that he was an old fogy; and there, too, were the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney-general, and the Postmaster-general.

As the President turned from speaker to speaker, his hands fondled ever more

closely his left knee, and the lines of weariness seemed to deepen upon his countenance. No feature of the face appeared quite to harmonize with any other feature. The eyes looked out of deep hollows, as if they were placed at the bottom of a ravine, and above them was a high, wide forehead with a brow jutting outward like a cliff. The bushy eyebrows were surrounded by delicately sensitive muscles and mobile wrinkles. The flesh was dropping away from the cheekbones, making them look sharp and high. The ears were long and protruding, the lower jaw strong and angular, the chin high and solid. The small gray eyes dominated the face, and as the President uncoiled his limbs and slowly arose, he stretched himself up-

ward, with that vertical elasticity often noticed in him, until he seemed even more than six feet and four inches in height. The eyes kindled, the preoccupied and dreamy look disappeared, the whole aspect became animated, and the incongruous features were fused into a harmony which no merely decorative face ever displays. The marks of his early occupations were ineffaceably stamped upon Abraham Lincoln, but the rail-splitter did not try to cover over what he had been by what he had become.

Perhaps he was thinking of some of the outward contrasts between himself and the other members of the group as he looked upon his family of official advisers. Here was his chief competi-

tor for the Presidency; there was another who aspired to the White House and whose self-love was wounded that one so inferior in the lore of schools should be preferred before himself; and the Attorney-general had been the favorite candidate of the most powerful newspaper editor of the North. It was a strangely mixed council of state, and it required rare skill to hold those able and powerful men together.

With a quizzical smile, the President glanced again at Stanton, and said:

"Well, Mars, the one thing that seems to be sure to everybody is that McClellan must keep between Lee and Washington, and by jings —"

He was interrupted. A commotion was heard in the hall outside, and blows

resounded upon the door. There were three sharp raps, followed by two slow thumps. In that order the blows were repeated over and over.

"Now I wonder what Tadpole wants," said the President. "You see, that's the code I taught him yesterday, three short and two long, this way—" and he drummed the signal upon the Cabinet table—

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"Tad learned it over in the telegraph office. It's a sort of bribe to prevent him breaking in on us without warning. I've got to let him in, you see, because I promised never to go back on the code."

But the applicant was getting impatient, and as the President strode

towards the door, with the Cabinet looking on curiously, it flew open, and in rushed a small boy, who plunged straight into his father's arms. A jolly, round-faced lad he was, cheeks glowing, gray eyes flashing, dark hair flying. Words were getting into each other's way as they tumbled out of his mouth, and a slight defect in his utterance made it still harder to understand him. In his excitement he seemed to explode just like a bombshell, and he shattered the solemnity of the Cabinet meeting quite as effectually as a shell might have done.

The President sat down again and took the boy on his knees. A marvellous change transformed his face. The eyes were radiant, the wrinkles were

smoothed out, and a tender smile effaced every vestige of melancholy. It was the look which his friends always remembered affectionately, but which no artist ever was able to record.

"Now, Tad, tell us all about it," he said, speaking very slowly.

Tad, sizzling with excitement, jerked out his story, much as the sparks sputter from a burning fuse.

"Papa day, isn't the kitchen ours, and can't I feed some boys if I want to? There's a lot of 'em down-stairs, and they're all my friends, and two of 'em have got a papa in the army. We're all hungry as bears, and I won't eat if they can't. And Peter won't let us in, and mama is away, and isn't it our kitchen? I want Peter to get out the

meat and pies and things he had left yesterday, and he called my friends street boys, too. Can't I give them some dinner? Because it's our kitchen, isn't it? And please make Peter mind me."

"How many boys are there, Taddie?"

"Why —, there's the two soldier boys, and Perry Kelly, and Bobby Grover, and two more, and me; that makes seven. We're terrible hungry: please, papa day."

The President looked gravely around upon the Cabinet circle. Chase, standing with arms folded, seemed to contemplate the scene as from some Olympian height. Stanton was in a melting mood, and smiles softened his resolute face. Seward, whose native sense of humor

had been deepened by his intimate association with the man from the prairies, was chuckling aloud.

"Seward," said the boy's father, "you must advise with me. This is a case for diplomacy."

The Secretary moved to the side of the President's chair and patted the boy on the head.

"Now, Thomas," he said, "you must remember that this house belongs to the nation, and that the kitchen is loaned for your use just for a few years. And Mr. Chase will tell you how expensive it is to carry on this war. So you must be careful not to run the government into debt. However, it also seems unwise to let promising young citizens starve. I guess the Chief Executive

had better issue an order on the Commissary Department of the Presidential Residence for rations for seven boys."

Tad listened quietly to this speech, although he understood it only in part. But the twinkle in the speaker's eyes he understood very well, and he wriggled out of his father's arms, rushed to the table, and came back with pencil and paper. With a droll smile, the President wrote a line and signed it, remarking that he "reckoned Peter would come to time now." This "order" he delivered into the brown hands of the eager boy.

The Secretary of War stepped ponderously forward.

"My boy," he said, and there was a mellow quality in his voice which some

members of the Cabinet did not remember ever to have perceived before, "you seem to care a great deal for the soldiers and their children. Wouldn't you like to be a soldier yourself?"

"Yes, I would, but I'm only a boy."

"Well," continued Stanton, "perhaps I can fix it so you may be a real soldier and a boy at the same time. Anyhow, I'm going to make you a lieutenant of United States Volunteers. Maybe Peter will obey an army officer."

"Do you mean I'll have a uniform, and straps on my shoulders, and brass buttons, and a sword?"

"Why — yes, Tad, I think you would have to have all the trappings and pomp of your rank. And if you could muster a company, you might drill your men."

"Papa day, papa day, you hear that?" cried the boy triumphantly. And then, as a doubt entered his mind, he added:

"He isn't laughing at me, is he, papa day?"

"No, Tad," said the President, rising and putting his arm about the shoulders of his son. "No, I don't think Mars is laughing at you, but just to clinch the thing, I'd make him give me a regular commission if I were you."

Instantly Tad was in full eruption again.

"You mean a paper that I can show folks so they'll know I'm a soldier?" he cried, and with the question on his lips, he scrambled headlong to the table for paper, and then to the Secretary, like a small hurricane in knickerbockers,

and that willing official promptly drew up an impressive looking document, requiring the proper clerks in his Department to issue a commission as first lieutenant, and to provide the uniform and sword of the rank, the commission to be presented to himself for his signature, and to be forwarded duly to the White House to Thomas Lincoln, aged nine years.

Tad beamed upon the Secretary, dashed at the long legs of his father and wrapped his arms about one of them for a moment, and without another word clattered out of the door and down the hall.

"Well, Mars," said the President, "I reckon you've made the boy so happy that the place won't hold him for awhile.

I don't think you'll regret what you've done, either. Did I ever tell you about Sam Waters and the famous steed he brought to Sangamon County?"

But just then the President glanced again at Chase, and as he took in the imperious figure, the arms still folded and the countenance stamped unmistakably with disapproval, he doubled together with uproarious laughter, in which every member of the circle joined, excepting only the martinet who watched over the finances of the nation.

"Well, boys," said the President presently, "we'll get back to work and let the Sangamon steed go for this time."

An hour later, the others having gone their several ways, the President walked across with Stanton from the White

House to the big building which housed the War Department. As they left the mansion, they caught sight of a group of boys sitting on a flight of steps at the rear. They had been having a feast, and Tad, nutcracker in hand, was distributing the final course. Perry Kelly, who was about Tad's own age, was the son of a Pennsylvania Avenue tinsmith. Bobby Grover's father was the manager of the National Theatre, usually called Grover's, to which the President went more frequently, perhaps, than to the better-known playhouse conducted by John T. Ford. Charlie Forbes, the big Irish footman, happened to be passing, and he stopped to look on for a moment, only to have his hands filled with nuts by the generous master of ceremonies.

The Secretary and the President regarded the scene as they crossed the lawn, and Lincoln remarked humorously:

"'Oil's well that ends well', as my friend Nasby says. I reckon the kitchen's ours."

The President called Tad the tyrant of the White House, and the degree of liberty enjoyed by the boy was almost a scandal in the eyes of some very "proper" persons. The father's habit of "having a little fun with the boys", with the simple manners and the story-telling practices, came right along to Washington from the plain home in Illinois. Willie, the second of the three lads, died in February, 1862, and from that time, as Robert, the oldest, was

away at school, the President indulged "Tadpole" more than ever and made him almost a constant companion. The lively little fellow always had some active enterprise on hand, but he was treated with affectionate toleration by every occupant of the mansion, while the office-seekers petted him and the officials of the various departments showered gifts upon him. One presented him with a box of tools, and the boy proceeded to use them not only in the stables and the kitchen but in the "show rooms" of the White House as well. The big table in the Cabinet Room was used once or twice for a work-bench; he drove nails into the old-fashioned mahogany desk used by John Hay; and he carried his experiments in car-

pentry into the small room in which his father slept; but when he attacked the chairs in the showy East Room, the tools disappeared overnight, and no one seemed to know what had become of them.

Conditions in the White House favored the innocent lawlessness of the boy. Visitors came in swarms from early morning until midnight. Office-seekers, military and naval commanders, private soldiers, inventors with devices which they fondly believed would revolutionize warfare, stricken fathers and mothers upon errands of supplication, often blockaded the way between the President's office and the private apartments of his family. The President did not care for ceremony, and in that critical

period unimportant formalities were thought by many persons to be out of place. Lincoln, with his burden of responsibility for the preservation of the Republic, lived with the single purpose of saving the Union, and found his relaxation in telling stories, attending the theatre, reading the poets, and pouring out the fullness of his tender heart upon the one child who shared his home, the warm-blooded boy who was all the dearer because of an impediment in his speech.

That September day of 1862 was one of the very liveliest days for mischievous, impulsive, imperious, sensitive, boisterous, big-hearted Tad. No one about the White House forgot it for a long time. "What will he do next?" asked

Louis, the messenger, of James Halliday, the White House carpenter. Only a few hours after he burst in upon the Cabinet meeting, a new freak caused a hubbub throughout the mansion. The President was busy over the charts and papers in his workroom. All the secretaries, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, and William O. Stoddard, were in their places. Below stairs parties of visitors were strolling about the public apartments. Suddenly the bell above the desk of Secretary Stoddard jangled violently. Hastily the young assistant jumped up; he was startled, for never before had the President rung so vehemently. As he turned toward the President's room, he heard other doors opening hurriedly, and both the senior secretaries came

hustling in. And along the hall, almost running, came the messenger, and to the amazement of the bewildered group, Edward, the historic White House doorkeeper, who had served every President since Taylor, was laboring up the stairs. Even the bell in the President's own room was ringing. They were about to rap upon his door when it swung open, and the President stood before them, with a patient smile on his face.

"Maybe you'd better look for Tad," he said.

Halliday promptly acted upon the hint. Sure enough, way up in the attic he found the boy, pulling with all his might at the yoke which formed the connecting link for all the bells of the White House system. The instant Tad

saw the carpenter, he gave the yoke one final swing and plunged for the stairs, down which he ran pell-mell and charged into the sure refuge of his father's room. But the President seemed already to have forgotten the episode, for he was in close conversation with a big man in uniform, who was just in from the army lines.

For a most remarkably long time Tad was quiet. His father sat in a big chair, one leg over its arm, his long body twisted into a grotesque position of rest and comfort. At his knee stood the boy, looking not at all like the rollicking youngster who had stormed the War Secretary that morning, but listening gravely to the conference between the brigadier-general and the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States.

The door was open a trifle, and the President glanced up as a quiet knock fell upon the panels. There stood Edward, solemnly rubbing his hands. The caller whom he had ushered all the way upstairs was invisible as yet, but a cane with an ornamental handle protruded from behind him. Quick as a flash Lincoln unwound his legs and rose to his feet in time to respond with dignity to the ceremonious greetings of the Senator from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner. The President knew that cane, and its owner was one of the few men who were allowed immediate access to his office at almost any time. The general retreated to a window, and the boy moved to the far side of the table, whence he contemplated with unblink-

ing eyes the distinguished statesman, whose solemn mien and gorgeous waistcoat were almost startling in their incongruity. After a little conversation about the military situation, Mr. Sumner made known his wish that a certain gentleman should be appointed to a certain consulate. Considerate good-bys were then exchanged, and the senator took his walking stick and made an elaborate exit. As the door closed, the President smiled broadly, noting the curious and incredulous look upon the soldier's face.

"Come up, General," he called. "When we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do, you know. I don't know much about bishops, but Sumner has always been my idea of a bishop,"

and again he twisted his long legs about his favorite chair and snuggled down into a comfortable attitude.

But Tad could stand the quiet no longer. "Good-by, papa day," he called, and out he hurried, closing the door with a resounding slam. In half an hour the house again was in commotion. Several ladies from Boston were inspecting the residence. In the East Room they looked with seemly reverence, although with some disappointment, upon the velvet carpet, the garish plush upholsterings, the frescoed ceiling, the glittering chandeliers, and the mahogany furniture, some of which evidently was in need of repairs. A door at the far end of the main corridor opened with a bang, and the solemn stillness was rudely

shattered by a frightful racket. The Boston ladies were amazed and horrified by what they saw. Charging through the hall came a shouting boy, flourishing a long whip and driving a pair of goats, hitched tandem fashion to a kitchen chair. The party of visitors watched him guide his horned team into the sacred precincts of the great East Room. They heard him yell: "Look out there!" and their staring eyes followed his course around the big apartment and through the doorway, and they knew from what they then heard that he must have driven those goats through the vestibule and down the front steps of the presidential mansion. They gazed aghast at one another, and it was only after an interval of shocked silence

that they achieved a sufficient recovery to make a hasty and rather stealthy departure as from a sanctuary profaned.

The sun was almost down that day, and the cool of the evening was settling over the city, when the manager of the telegraph office in the War Department came to the White House with a message from the governor of one of the most important northern States. As he entered the hall, passing the solemn-faced doorkeeper, Tad emerged from some nook, seized his hand, and walked up-stairs with him. Lincoln found the despatch so urgent that he decided to have a talk with the governor by wire.

"Tad," he asked, "want to go along to the War Department?"

The lad snatched up a gray plaid shawl which was hanging from a tall desk standing against the wall, the father threw it over his shoulders, and the three tramped down-stairs together. As they reached the gravel walk, Lincoln stretched out his long arm and picked up a pebble, challenging the others to a game of "followings." The President proved much the best marksman. Most of Tad's shots, to his chagrin, went wild. His father kept the marker stone well ahead, and laughed heartily when, as the Department was reached, he was declared the winner.

"If your arms were as long as mine, I reckon you'd throw better," he said.

In the cipher room the President hung his shawl over the top of the screen door

opening into the larger apartment in which the operators sat at their clicking keys, and took his accustomed place at a desk between two windows. Presently questions and replies were being exchanged over the wire, and when the President's inquiries had been answered satisfactorily, he leaned back in his chair and stared intently out upon Pennsylvania Avenue. The operators and cipher readers looked at him curiously as they often had done before, when that mood of melancholy meditation settled upon him. No one disturbed him.

Tad meantime promptly got into trouble. In the telegraph room the instruments were set upon marble-topped tables, and the boy freakishly dipped his fingers into an ink-well and smeared

several of the white slabs. For several minutes no one noticed what he was doing, and then an operator seized the boy and led him at arm's length to the cipher room. Every one was a little embarrassed when Tad faced his father and held up his blackened fingers.

The President glanced at the table-tops, smiled a little at the operator who still clutched the boy's shoulder, and gathered the youngster up into his arms, careless of the damage the inky hands might do to his linen, saying quietly: "Well, Tad, we'll go; I'm afraid they're abusing you." Back across the lawn to the White House he carried the lad, completing the last of the three trips which he made every day between his home and the office to which came the

despatches from the armies in the field. It never seemed to occur to the President that there was any sacrifice of personal dignity in his going thus to the War Department for news.

Late that night, after the President had worked for many hours over the ever-accumulating piles of papers on the table in his office, he sought his bedroom, a small apartment just across the hall from the room in which Tad slept. Lincoln was in a calico dressing-gown, which reached clear to his ankles, and he shuffled along in old-fashioned leather slippers, above which showed a margin of home-made blue stockings. He set down his candle, closed the door, and picked up a little volume of the poems of Thomas Hood. He had scarcely

settled into a chair when the signal tapping began upon the panels —

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Instantly his face lost its look of weariness, and with a smile that made the homely countenance wonderfully handsome, he drew the bolt and admitted the boy. In bounced Tad in his white nightgown. Many a night upon waking he had crossed the hall and crept into his father's bed. And to-night again the President and Tad, the lonely man who bore in his heart the sorrows of the nation and the lad in whose comradeship he found relief from the awful ordeal which it was his duty to endure, the father and the boy together entered the peaceful refuge of sleep.

II

THE Secretary of War completely and promptly fulfilled his promise to provide Tad with the uniform and other equipments appropriate to the rank which had been conferred upon him. From the arsenal twenty-five guns were sent over to the White House, and these the youngest lieutenant of United States Volunteers was permitted to keep in a room in the basement, while for his own headquarters there was assigned a room near the laundry. The energetic boy proceeded at once to draft recruits for a company, and the gardeners and servants about the mansion were duly

drilled and marched around the grounds and through the halls of the house. The juvenile autocrat even dismissed the regular sentries one evening and kept his company on guard duty until they were relieved by a special deputy under the authority of the commander-in-chief.

In the pride of his heart, Tad caused himself to be photographed several times in his pretty uniform, gloves, cap, sword, and all. When, in the heat of the summer, the family removed to the stone cottage in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home in the suburbs of Washington, the young lieutenant in full uniform often rode out from the city in the evening, ambling along on his pony beside the towering figure of the President. In the

heated term, however, he went north with his mother, leaving his father, as he said, to "bache it" in the summer residence.

During these absences, the boy was constantly in his father's mind. In Lincoln's letters there were frequent thoughtful allusions to his son. "Tell dear Tad," he wrote, "poor 'Nanny Goat' is lost, and the housekeeper and I are in great distress about it. The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud in the middle of Tad's bed; but now she is gone! The gardeners kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers until it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she disappeared, and has

not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor 'Nanny'!"

Again the President, always sensitive to the possible significance of the dreams which visited him at various times when important events impended, telegraphed Mrs. Lincoln at Philadelphia to put Tad's pistol away, for he had had "an ugly dream about him."

The great event in the military life of Tad was the grand review of the Army of the Potomac, when he shared the honors with the President. Down the river the party sailed on a little steamboat to Aquia Creek, and thence, in an ordinary freight car, with rough plank benches for seats, but abundantly bedecked with flags, they rode to Falmouth station. In an ambulance,

guarded by a cavalry escort, they went on to the headquarters of the army, where several large hospital tents with wooden floors and camp bedsteads were assigned for their use.

For five days the party were in camp, and during the time Tad was a very busy boy. On the first day he explored the whole outfit, the printing office, the telegraph station, the big bakery, the tents of the officers, and the hospitals, and everywhere he was made welcome. He wanted to see how the "gray backs" looked, and was taken down to the picket lines opposite Fredericksburg to have a peep at them. The smoke of the camp-fires of the enemy ascended from behind a ridge, and above a handsome residence on a height floated a

flag of stars and bars. Confederate sentinels strode jauntily down to the river's brink and peered across the stream.

On each of the following days there was a parade and review. For the first time the entire cavalry force of the Army of the Potomac had been massed as one corps, and scores of regiments of infantry also were ready for inspection. To these reviews there rode from headquarters from day to day a brilliant cavalcade. In the train there were captains, and colonels, brigadier-generals, and major-generals, and numbers of staff officers. Upon the flank were the President's guard of honor, the Philadelphia Lancers, in showy, gold-laced uniforms, and superbly mounted. In front of the column rode the commanding general

and the commander-in-chief. And somewhat to one side, riding the small gray horse which had been provided for him, and attended by a young trooper assigned to act as his orderly, rode Tad.

The great spectacle was the cavalry review, but the sixty thousand infantrymen who marched past the reviewing staff made an impressive sight. Tad delighted especially in the gallop down the long lines, and in the thrilling effect of the martial music of the trumpets, throbbing drums, and shrilling fifes.

The President was not a graceful rider. The general sat his horse like a dragoon, but the very height of Lincoln made him look awkward on horseback. Some who saw him those days were reminded of the saying that his legs

were so long that it was impossible to exaggerate them. Spectators wondered if they would not become entangled with the legs of his horse. The left hand held the reins, and the arm was so long that the elbow projected behind his back for all the world like the hind leg of a grasshopper. The situation was made all the more absurd by his stove-pipe hat. This he constantly removed in saluting the men in the ranks, although he merely touched it in acknowledging the courtesies of the officers, and its management was a rather precarious feat of dexterity.

But how the soldiers liked him! They called him "Father Abraham;" they repeated his droll stories, praising his shrewdness and his wit; and they de-

clared that when he found out about their complaints, every case would be adjusted. What did it matter if his trousers were half way up to his knees and his socks visible to all the army? He had a heart for the common soldier, which was more than could be said for most of the "fuss and feathers" commanders they might name.

And then the word was passed from rank to rank that the boy riding on the flank of the reviewing column, with his short legs sticking straight out from his saddle, was Tad. And how they cheered him! He was in the lieutenant's uniform, and a gray riding cloak floated behind him, as his pony galloped across the fields. No wonder that the soldiers burst into an ecstasy of enthusiasm over

him. Thousands of them had boys at home. Father Abraham had brought this sturdy, fresh-faced youngster with him just on purpose to let them know that he did not forget their families. Well, it was just like him. God bless him — he had a heart for the common soldier. Hurrah for the President and hurrah for the boy! They swung their hats and cheered for Lincoln, and they cheered and swung their hats for Tad. He was a reminder of home and of what was waiting for them when they should get home.

And how Tad enjoyed it all. Some one told him that he ought to doff his cap to the soldiers, but he said: "That's the way the general and father do, but I'm only a boy." He rode hard and was

quite fearless in the saddle, although there was some danger at times that he would be thrown from his horse. But the orderly was always on guard, and every night brought him into camp greatly excited, but safe, and very, very hungry.

Tad and his father were frequent patrons of the theatre. Both to Grover's and to Ford's they came to see extravaganzas and occasionally a minstrel show, and the President was constantly in attendance when Shakespeare was played. He came often for no other purpose than to get away from the multitudes who constantly importuned him at the White House. Sometimes they were a family party, and again Tad and his tutor would come

alone. Burke, the White House coachman, would drive them to the door, Charlie Forbes would leap to the ground and pilot them into the theatre, and after the performance the carriage would be waiting to take them home. The family came to Grover's to see Charlotte Cushman, J. W. Wallack, and E. L. Davenport, when they appeared together in "Macbeth" for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission; and when Edwin Booth was in Washington for his only visit during wartime, they saw him in "Othello," the "Merchant of Venice," and John Howard Payne's "Brutus."

Tad became so much at home at Grover's that he made a chum of the director's son and frequently visited the stage rehearsals alone. The stage attachés

at once became his friends, and the restless lad was permitted to "assist" in placing the properties when the settings were changed, so that at last he was spending more time behind than before the scenes. Indeed, he got almost as severe an attack of stage fever as of the military disease, and rigged up a little theatre of his own in a small room in the White House. Perry Kelly and Bobby Grover were the "actors", and Leonard Grover, the latter's father, loaned the lads some costumes and a few pieces of stage furniture. Halliday's services were demanded of the President, and the carpenter arranged the orchestra, parquet, stage, curtains, and footlights for their miniature playhouse. Several little "dramas" were duly produced with the

employes of the mansion playing audience, and on one or two occasions the President appeared chuckling at the door; and once he was accompanied by a distinguished war governor whom he brought over from his workshop "to have a look at the latest freak of the boys." In one instance a minstrel show was given in the attic.

While the artist, Frank B. Carpenter, was at work upon his emancipation group, he made use of the "theatre" as a dark room in which the photographers, who were taking pictures to aid him, might do their work. This incensed the spirited boy, who felt that his rights had been challenged. He turned out the photographers and locked the door upon their plates and chemicals.

Not until the President hunted up the boy would he yield the key, and then, as Mr. Carpenter told the story, Lincoln said: "When I went to him, he was violently excited. I said to him: 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' Then he burst into tears and instantly gave up the key."

One night, early in 1864, Grover's National Theatre was so crowded that scarcely a foot of standing room was unoccupied. The audience represented almost every class of persons in the States of the West and North. Fashionable women filled the boxes, some of them belonging to old Washington families whose sympathies were predominantly with the South. They were openly

stared at by the army officers who solidly filled the front rows in the pit. The permanent and the floating populations of the city were mingled in the crowd, and many strangers looked curiously upon the scene. The predominating color was army blue, for multitudes of soldiers were always in the city in those days. Many Congressmen and several Senators were present, and the audience had loudly cheered two or three well-known army commanders as they came down the aisles. The orchestra was vigorously playing the popular war songs of the day, and hundreds sang the choruses.

Just as the people were becoming somewhat impatient, the President arrived. It had been announced that

he would be present, and a box at the right of the stage was designated for his occupancy by the flags with which it was festooned. The appearance of an usher at the door of the box was the signal for the audience to stand. A minute later the President entered, and with him was a small boy who stood at his side for a moment, looking out upon the house. There was a burst of applause, and Lincoln bowed gravely. As soon as he was seated, the curtain rose, but for a time many in the audience paid little attention to the stage. Scores of opera glasses were turned upon the President's box, and hundreds who had never seen the chief magistrate of the nation watched him intently now.

The "play" was better calculated,

perhaps, to appeal to the boy than to his father. Tad had seen it before more than once, and it was he, indeed, who had persuaded his father to attend the performance. It was billed as a "spectacular extravaganza" under the title of "The Seven Sisters", and it had run for more than eight months at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York City. Founded upon an old German play called "The Seven Daughters of Satan", it represented the group of sisters as escaping for a time from the Plutonian realms for a visit to the earth. The conclusion was a "transformation scene" depicting "the birth of Cupid" and advertised as a great triumph of stagecraft. A play of such a nature admitted of many interpolations, and

during its Washington run patriotic episodes were freely introduced. In one army tableau "Rally 'Round the Flag" was sung by a soloist, with a big chorus coming in on the refrain, and such characters as Uncle Sam and Columbia, Liberty and Union, Massachusetts and South Carolina were added to the usual cast. The play was all movement and lilting melody, color and tinsel, and it stirred the audience to much laughter and enthusiasm. Persons who studied the face of the President could see that he had forgotten the cares of his office, that he was not thinking of the strategy of the campaign nor of the clamor of the office-seekers. Politics and war had no existence for the time. He smiled broadly and occasionally laughed heartily. Tad

had disappeared, but the President thought nothing of it, for the boy had the run of the house, and every usher and stage hand was his friend.

Quite in his accustomed way the boy had gone behind the scenes, where he roamed about at will, responding to the greetings of his acquaintances. Finally he went to a wardrobe and took out an army blouse much too big for him, but into which he struggled nevertheless, and found a cap which proved a better fit. Thus rigged out, he strolled among the "gallant soldier boys" of the chorus, until the finale came in the army episode.

Now it happened that at the time the celebrated John McDonough was taking a leading part in the spectacle, and in the final tableau it was he who sang

"The Battle Cry of Freedom" with thrilling effect. The soldiers and fairies who filled the stage joined in the choruses, and it was expected that at the end the audience would catch the infection, so that stage, pit, galleries, and boxes would all be singing together.

Tad that night walked boldly out upon the stage with the chorus and took a place at the end of the front line, looking grotesquely conspicuous in his misfit uniform. McDonough sang the first stanza, and as the chorus swung into the refrain, he caught sight of Tad, whom he knew to be the President's son. Instantly the soloist walked across the stage and placed the silk flag he carried in the boy's hands. The lad rose to the occasion and waved the flag with

all his might, as McDonough sang the second stanza. While the second chorus was sung, the soloist led Tad forward and sang the remaining stanzas with the boy standing at his side. The theatre grew so still that the dropping of a fan in one of the boxes startled the entire audience. Every eye was fixed upon the strange little figure standing beside the soloist. The chorus concluded, McDonough acted upon an inspiration of the moment and sang it over again, using a variant, however, which made a blend of two popular songs of the day:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

The innovation must be intended as an impersonation of the spirit of juvenile patriotism, thought the audience. But how small the boy was, how ridiculous was the man's blouse he was wearing, and how intently he was watching the President's box! McDonough was helping him wave the flag, as if in salutation of the nation's chief executive. And how amazed the President seemed to be. Surely that look of astonishment must mean something more than surprise at this novelty in the performance.

McDonough sang the third stanza:

"We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

A whisper ran over the house like a fire over an Illinois prairie. It passed from lip to lip, and every one who heard it looked again first at the boy and then at the President. Some one had recognized the lad — some Senator or Representative probably, who saw him every little while at the White House. "It's Tad Lincoln!" The word reached the gallery, and in a minute or two the farthest spectator in the rearmost seat had heard it. "Tad Lincoln, the President's son. Father Abraham is in the box, and his boy is on the stage!"

Everybody knew about Tad. They had seen him riding through the streets in the big black carriage behind the two black horses. "That's the boy," said one soldier to another. "I saw him

with his father watching the ball game between the Commissary and the Quartermaster's departments out at Sixth and K streets the other day." Others had seen him playing with his dog team by the Potomac, and just a few days before he had kept shop in the historic portico of the Presidential mansion. Halliday had supplied him with some boards and trestles, and he had spread out his stock of apples and gingerbread where no one could enter the building without being importuned to buy. The stock was purchased from an old woman who had a stand near the Treasury Building. Tad explained that his was one of the fairs for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission which then were so common throughout the country.

Every office-seeker and every office-holder who passed through the portico was glad to buy of "the President's son", some of the customers hoping doubtless to reach the father by this indirect method of flattery. Some of the men who had been levied upon were in the theatre that night, and they confirmed the identification of the little fellow who was vigorously waving the big silk flag while McDonough sang another stanza.

"So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

A wave of enthusiasm swept over the house as Tad bravely started in upon

the chorus with McDonough, and the hundred stage singers behind them. If the President had been surprised, he was hugely amused now. He leaned far forward in his chair, his hands upon his knees, and swayed backward and forward with laughter. The audience laughed in sympathy with him, and although a few of the ladies were almost in tears, with a mighty roar the great crowd arose, the choristers upon the stage moved forward, and players, gallery, soloist, and Tad all joined in that final refrain:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

In a great surge of ecstasy the chorus, sung again and yet again, rolled through the auditorium, waxing in fervor with every repetition. It seemed to dominate and absorb every soul there; every voice joined in it; men who had not sung for years, and some who fancied they could not sing at all, joined in that simple tune. It rang forth with a volume and majesty that put thrill and fire into the homely words, as if a magnificent assurance had taken possession of that multitude of singers, an overwhelming conviction that the men would be found to save the Union.

That night at Grover's Theatre a great tide of patriotism flooded every heart. Men and women looked upon the President and saw his face wearing

a smile of transforming and irradiating sweetness, as he sat erect and very still in his box. They looked at Tad, and, although they could not hear his voice, they saw that his lips were moving, and that he kept his flag waving. And as the refrain ended, an army officer sitting almost under the stage led the audience and the players in three lusty cheers for "Father Abraham and his boy." As silence fell upon the weary throng, the President rose and bowed, — and no diplomat versed in the usages of Old World courts could have exceeded the dignified impressiveness of that gesture, — and the curtain came down.

III

AS time went on, the President more and more made a companion of the lively lad. General Grant came to Washington and had conferences with the commander-in-chief, with Tad standing gravely by. On a day shortly before Christmas, he interrupted a Cabinet meeting to obtain a reprieve for a turkey to which he had taken a fancy and which had been marked for execution. Several times he brought cases of distress to the attention of the President. He would go about the hall, asking callers what they wanted. One day he found an old, poorly-dressed woman in the corridor,

and he rushed to his father with her story of a husband in a military prison and some cold and hungry boys and girls at home. He came back with a promise of help, and the woman and the boy cried together while she called down the blessings of heaven upon him. Tad sometimes took petitioners by the hand and dragged them forthwith into his father's presence.

Almost every day the President would have at least one romp with the boy. The game at times was blind man's buff; again the tall man would run through the rooms and the hall above stairs with Tad mounted upon his shoulders; and often they played horse, with each alternating as the driver. In the early evening or late afternoon,

when the work of the day was about over, and the President had a brief respite before he began the toil of the night, he would call the boy to his side and talk over the doings of the day with him. They looked through books of engravings together, and Lincoln sharpened pencils for the boy and helped him keep track of his playthings. Frequently the lad fell asleep in the office, and the President would carry him tenderly across the hall to bed. A succession of tutors came to the White House, but Tad was equally intolerant of them all, and the father said he "might as well run for awhile — there'd be time enough for him to sober up and get sedate in the future."

One Friday in summer the President

and General Eaton were in conference in the White House, and Tad was making such a war map as no strategist ever would have dreamed of by poking the pins into the chart in the corner at his own freakish pleasure. The wind was blowing from the Virginia side of the Potomac, and it brought through the windows the sound of a musketry volley. The President rose and walked across the room and stood gazing at the Virginia hills, with his arm about Tad's shoulders. As he came back to his chair, there were tears streaming down his cheeks.

"This is the day when they shoot deserters," he said, "and I am wondering whether I have used the pardoning power enough. Some of the officers,

to be sure, say that I am using it so freely that I am demoralizing the army and destroying its discipline." And then, as Tad came to his knee, he added: "But Tad here tells me I'm doing right, and Tad's advice usually is pretty good."

And now at last the war was drawing to a close. General Grant advised the President that the final struggle was at hand, and he started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. A side-wheel passenger steamer called the *River Queen*, closely followed by the despatch boat *Bat*, left Washington on the afternoon of March 23, 1865, and on board were the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Tad. The boy had the run of the boat and explored it from bow to stern and from engine-room to

pilot-house. Late on the evening of March 24, the steamer came to anchor off City Point. The next morning Tad's grown-up brother, Robert, now a captain on the staff of General Grant, came on board and reported some details of a Confederate assault, and at the breakfast table the President, with Tad at his side, wrote a despatch to Stanton about "the rumpus at the front." The "rumpus" in fact was the severe action at Fort Stedman, in which several thousand men were lost. Lincoln visited the scene; he saw the men of the Sanitary Commission attending to the wounded and the burial parties caring for the dead; and he returned to the ship looking worn and haggard. The next morning the *River Queen*

steamed to Harrison's Landing, and Tad was one of the large party which watched Sheridan's cavalry crossing the river there on a pontoon bridge. The vessel then turned and passed through the fleet. The ships were ranged in double lines and gayly decked with flags, and their crews cheered madly as the President's boat went by.

During the following days at City Point, Tad found much to interest him. The river was crowded with craft, monitors and gunboats, colliers and transports; the great storehouses ashore were crammed with army supplies, and countless wagons were coming and going all day long. The boy was a welcome guest on board Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Malvern*, and it was an easy trip down

the gangplank of the *River Queen*, across the pier, and up the gangplank of the steamship *Martin*, on board of which were the family of General Grant. The lad became as great a favorite at City Point as he had been in the White House.

City Point was opposite the triangle made by the junction of the Appomattox, which flowed by Petersburg, and the James, which flowed past Richmond. A long stairway led up the hill to the plateau upon which stood a group of log houses, in the centre of which was the headquarters cabin, furnished only with four tables, some chairs, and a pile of charts. The plain beyond was covered with huts and tents, but these had been vacated, for the last hours of

the Confederacy were at hand, and all the troops were in pursuit of Lee.

Tad climbed many times to the headquarters hut, and he especially enjoyed the band which played on the plateau every afternoon. "There comes our band," he would shout, as he heard them in the distance. One day he made the seventh in a historic group which included the commander-in-chief, and six of the Union generals, with Grant and Sherman among them.

Tad's mother returned to Washington on April 1, but the boy remained with his father. Sunday, the second, passed quietly, a beautiful, mild, spring day. That night great explosions shook the earth. Arsenals, powder magazines, and ironclads were being blown up.

Flying brands fired the lower part of the Confederate capital, and when dawn broke a conflagration was raging. The last of the soldiers in gray marched over a bridge and burned it behind them. There was a little interval of respite for the city which had flung back the Federals again and again; and then the soldiers in blue came marching in, their bands playing "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner." All Monday Richmond was a city of desolation, peopled with destitute women and children. Piles of furniture were heaped upon the grass, which sprang fresh and green in the parks and squares. The fruit trees already were in bloom, and butterflies were hovering about the dandelions. All nature was smiling

upon Richmond, encircled with trenches and forts, battle-torn and scarred, full of starvation and sickness, as if the spirit of the springtime would bring balm to the hearts of a people who for four years had hoped and prayed and endured and desperately struggled on.

The next day the President came. Up the James River, in a big barge manned by twelve sturdy sailors, the emancipator was brought to the Confederate capital. The boat carried also a detachment of marines, a naval captain, an officer of the signal corps, a cipher telegraph operator, Admiral Porter, and a small boy. Lincoln intently watched the city as the barge drew near a landing not far from Libby Prison. He recognized a war corre-

spondent whom he saw standing on the shore, and called to know if the reporter could direct them to the headquarters of General Weitzel. Receiving an affirmative reply, the boat was swept alongside the landing. Out stepped six marines armed with carbines; after them came the President, wearing as usual his high stovepipe hat and his long frock coat, and Tad, who was tightly clutching his father's hand; then the Admiral and the other officers, and finally six more blue-jacketted marines.

The news spread like wild fire all over the waterfront. Half a hundred negroes, who were earning their rations by building a canal bridge under the orders of an army engineer, ran shouting to the landing. From the little side streets

poured scores of women and children, their white eyeballs rolling in wonder.

"Hallelujah! Bress the Lord!" they shouted. "Massa Linkum! Massa Linkum! Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

They burst into camp-meeting refrains; they laughed like lunatics; they embraced each other, and leaped up and down, and swung their straw hats and turbans. They had lived to see the man who had made them free, and they surged about their deliverer in a frenzy of joy. There were some, too, who regarded him with silent, stupefied wonder. The streets became almost impassable as the President's party mounted toward Capitol Square. Finally they halted, and a cavalry soldier was sent for a larger escort.

At the base of Capitol Hill an aged negro, decrepit in person and dilapidated in dress, lifted his battered straw hat, baring a snow-white head, and fell upon his knees in the road. "May the good Lord keep you safe, Massa Linkum," he said. The President regarded the old man gravely, and then lifted his own hat and bowed, while the excited crowd gaped in wonder. The emancipator had taken off his hat to a former slave! Women in bright turbans which looked like enormous tulips invoked the blessings of heaven upon "Massa Linkum's little boy." Never had the President's face worn a sadder smile. The bluecoats about him saw the gleam of tears in his eyes.

The tramp was resumed, and the

green of the restful square was traversed. The linden trees were fragrant, and the squirrels were playing about the grass. Over the way was St. Paul's Church, where two days before the sexton had tiptoed up the aisle to hand the President of the Confederacy his summons. There was the Department Building, before which the government papers had been burned. The homely man from the North looked at the Capitol with its white Doric columns and glanced up at the stars and stripes which had replaced the stars and bars at last. Before the speaker's chair in the room which had been the Virginia Hall of Delegates, Stonewall Jackson had lain in state two years before.

The party went to Shockoe Hill,

where, in the house with tall, white pillars and long windows which had been the executive mansion of the Southern States, General Weitzel had made his headquarters. The President climbed the steps and dropped into a chair in one of the rooms, and it happened to be the very chair which had been used at his writing-desk by Jefferson Davis. Tad was still at his father's side.

That afternoon, in an ambulance with Tad upon his knee and a cavalry escort clattering behind, President Lincoln rode down Grace Street and over a section of the city. The night was spent aboard the *Malvern*. But the next morning the father and the boy again came ashore in the barge and spent several hours

looking upon the desolation of the captured citadel. The President saw the hospitals where wounded and dying soldiers had been cared for by the brave women of the Confederacy, the sewing-rooms where those women had made uniforms and scraped lint, and the prisons where captive Federals had suffered and languished. He stopped long before the bronze equestrian statue of Washington, with Jefferson and Marshall and other Virginians about him. He gazed at the red brick houses, the ironwork balconies, and the walls covered with vines shutting in the pretty gardens. He looked across from the hills, whence the people had watched the little red battle flags and the toy shells bursting in tiny puffs of smoke in the

far distance during the Seven Days' Battles. At the Confederate mansion they told him that from the garden the campfires of two armies were seen night after night, for almost a year, and their bugles heard.

It was beautiful, this city of seven hills, he thought, and he fell into a revery over the guns that had rumbled over these cobbles and the drums that had beaten funeral marches for four long years. For four years he had suffered with the South, and he was suffering with the South now. The lines upon his face were deep, very deep, and his countenance was very pale. The negroes hurrahed for him; they ran with their pickaninnies that the children might see him; they pointed out little

Tad to their boys and called down blessings upon them both. He saluted them sometimes, but his smiles were few. The men riding with him unobtrusively watched him, and none of them ever forgot the dignity and pathos of his bearing. One of his smiles brought healing to the heart of the young wife of the soldier who had led the great charge at Gettysburg, and Tad was delighted to see a plump baby reach from the arms of Mrs. Pickett and kiss his father. At last the President said: "Tad, I can't stand any more; we'll go home."

A tug towed the barge back to City Point.

IV

TWO days after their return, Tad and his father were once more together before the public. Back in the White House, Tad let loose again all his abounding energies. Upon the second night at home the mansion was illuminated, and all Washington was full of jubilation. The war was over; Petersburg and Richmond were taken; the news of the surrender of Lee was upon everybody's lips. Thousands of persons tramped out Pennsylvania Avenue to the home of the President to cheer "Father Abraham." Brass bands marched to the mansion, playing

not only "John Brown" but "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland." Fireworks were set off upon the lawns. From the Navy Yard a small battery was dragged to the residence, and salutes were fired every few minutes.

Suddenly the din doubled. There were tremendous cheers and roars of laughter. The multitude were almost in a frenzy over a Confederate flag which a small boy, in the uniform of a lieutenant of United States Volunteers, was waving frantically from a second-story window. It was Tad, of course, and how the crowd did enjoy his prank! Poor old Edward, his dignity outraged by the breach of decorum, was scandalized. He tried desperately to drag the little chap away from the window and to confiscate the

banner. "A rebel flag from the windows of the White House! Tad, Tad!" Outside the people shouted in sheer happiness over the scene. The boy fought the butler energetically for a time, then suddenly dropped the flag and turned just at the right instant to bolt into his father's arms.

The moment the President was seen, a roar that almost shook the building burst from the throng. Quietly stooping forward a little, he looked out upon the people. His face was beaming. The lines of care seemed almost smoothed away. He was happy and content. These were his friends. Many of them had seen him day after day in the avenues of Washington. They had come to his home to cheer him, but their cheers

were for their common country, for their flag, not one of whose stars was to be lost; their resounding hurrahs were a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, significant of the loyalty and devotion which had fought the awful war through to the end. He was not any more to hear the volleys of the firing squads shooting deserters; no more would the long lines of stretchers bear the wounded to the hospitals, nor the muffled drums throb the requiems of the dead. The war was over. He had "fondly hoped" and "devoutly prayed", and "the scourge of war" had "passed away." If only some artist might have painted him then as he brooded tenderly upon that spectacle! He began to speak:

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow,

but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression can not be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten."

A profound silence fell upon the crowd. Their heartbeats could almost be heard. They scarcely breathed. Every one was intent to hear the message which their President was bringing them. And there in the midst of the throng, their brains teeming with murderous plots, were Lewis Payne and John Wilkes Booth!

The address was written, and the candles had not been placed high enough

for the towering speaker to see the sheets well. He took a candle in his hand and read on, but, coming to the end of a page, he availed himself of the services of a guest, who stood behind him and held the light until the end of the little speech was reached. As the President finished reading each page, he let the manuscript fall sheet by sheet upon the floor, and Tad, who had made a trip to the dining-room with satisfactory results, came back just in time to pursue the fluttering leaves as they dropped from his father's hand. In full view of the crowd, he crept about his father's feet on hands and knees, and if the interval between sheets seemed long, he would lift his ardent face as if asking for more. It was an unforget-

able picture: a vast sea of faces over which the light of the torches played, all gazing at the tall figure of the President; the emancipator reading his last address to the people, and occasionally lifting his foot in a queer, admonitory way to warn Tad that he must not interrupt the reading. Who shall say that as Lincoln read his remarks on reconstruction, he was not thinking also of the lad who had been the apple of his eye and the solace of his heart during the dreary years of civil strife?

V

ON the morning of April 14, General Grant arrived in Washington, and with him was Captain Robert Lincoln. Late in the afternoon, the Secretary of War called at the White House and had a talk with the President. Afterward with Mrs. Lincoln he took a drive, and Tad, for once, was left behind. They talked of the future, and Mrs. Lincoln remarked that she had not seen her husband so cheerful since the death of their second son, Willie.

That night Washington went on a lark. The night was flooded with moonlight, but the houses were lighted from

cellar to attic. Business houses, government buildings, and private residences were gorgeously decorated with flags and bunting. The theatres were a mass of bright colors, and flaming announcements were posted to attract the crowds who would certainly be seeking amusement on that festal occasion. The streets were filled with torchlight processions, and the inspiring strains of martial music were heard in every square.

Both the leading playhouses had sent invitations to the President to occupy that night the box always reserved for him, and to C. Dwight Hess, the acting manager of Grover's, Mrs. Lincoln wrote in reply that the President already had accepted an invitation to Ford's, but

that Tad with his tutor would be glad to come to the National.

The boy and his escort arrived early, and, after a little visit behind the scenes, the boxes now having been all sold, they were shown to seats well at the front of the house.

So it happened that while the father was witnessing a performance of "Our American Cousin" and smiling over the drolleries of "Lord Dundreary", Tad was enjoying the "great Oriental Spectacle of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp", with "magnificent scenery, wonderful mechanical effects, grand ballets, beautiful tableaus", and, between the acts, a patriotic poem composed for the occasion, called "The Flag of Sumter."

After awhile a messenger came to

Tad's companion and whispered something to him. The tutor seemed surprised and bewildered, but he turned to the boy and told him that word had been brought that Mr. Lincoln was ill, and that perhaps it would be well for them to return to the White House. As soon as they had retired, Mr. Hess, with a very white face, came before the curtain, and to an audience that suddenly, as by the electric thrill of premonition, became as still as the grave, he made his terrible announcement. As if they were afraid to breathe, the people walked past the soldiers now on guard at the doors and out into the moonlight.

The hoofs of cavalry horses soon came pounding over the cobblestones.

The lights in the dwellings were all extinguished. But all night long women huddled together in groups at the windows and waited and wondered. All night long rumors flashed over the stricken city of rebel raids, of wholesale assassinations, and of lootings and burnings. Blue-clad sentinels during the whole night patrolled the streets, through which horsemen dashed, bearing orders and despatches. An enormous throng stood in the streets about the house to which "Father Abraham" had been carried. All night long couriers bore bulletins from that secretary whom the President had playfully called "Mars", now keeping vigil in the house of death in Tenth Street, to the telegraph office in the War Department, whence the

operators, almost speechless with grief, sent them to New York to be distributed over the country and the world. And in the morning thousands of men, infuriated, despairing men, tramped to their homes and told the dire tidings to the waiting women.

At the White House door Thomas Pendel, who had been a member of the President's bodyguard and now was stationed at the entrance to his home, was awaiting the return of the theatre party. Somehow the tidings reached him. No one knows just how the story was wafted over Washington that night. The horror spread and all in an instant seemed to blanket the joy of the people, put out their lights, and silence their cheers. Pendel had to

notify Secretary John Hay and Captain Robert Lincoln, and they hastened away to Tenth Street.

Scarcely had they gone ere Pendel, quivering with apprehension, had to receive Tad and his tutor. The boy came running up the steps and through the portico, sobbing as if his heart would break. Into the arms of the agitated doorkeeper he tumbled, just as a thousand times he had dashed into the embrace of his father, crying: "O Tom Pen! O Tom Pen! They've killed my papa day! They've killed my papa day!"

As tenderly as ever his father might have done, Pendel, who was almost as tall as Lincoln, carried the weeping boy up-stairs. He laid him down upon his

bed in the room across the hall from the workshop where the Cabinet consultations had been held. As a mother would have done, he took off the lad's shoes, loosened his clothing, and bathed his face. They wept together. Tad's lisping syllables shaped themselves intelligibly only when he called "Papa day, Papa day." Pendel stretched out beside the boy, put his arms about him, and soothed him patiently until, sometime after midnight, Tad fell asleep and forgot his troubles for a time.

All day following, the rain fell. Men said the heavens were weeping. In an hour the capital which had been a riot of color became a city of sepulchral black. The bells which had clanged in joy now tolled doleful dirges. The bands

which had blared "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" now played a solemn dead march, as the President was carried home once more. The black people whom he had liberated crowded about his coffin. Thousands waited in line all day to look upon his face as he lay in state in the executive mansion of the nation.

Secretary Welles and Attorney-general James Speed came through the upper hall that afternoon, silent and preoccupied with their hopes and fears. The boy of the White House turned from a window through which he had been looking at the crowd of wailing colored women and children without, recognized the Secretary of the Navy, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Welles," he cried, "who killed my papa day, and why did he have to die?"

The grave men could not restrain their emotion, nor could they answer Tad's question. They could only try to say something comforting and pass on, leaving disconsolate the boy who had been so great a comfort to his martyred father.

How many thousands have asked your question since then, Tad! How many, indeed! "Why?" Had he not always "plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever he thought a flower would grow?" Was he not a man of the plain people who never forgot his kind? Did not the whole nation, South

as well as North, need him? Why might he not have had a little of the gladness of the morning after the purgatorial darkness of the night of suffering? He had grown old so frightfully fast; could he not have had a few years to grow young again? How can either reason or conscience include the death of Lincoln within any reasonable ideal of a moral universe? Yes, Tad, your question touches upon the mysteries of time and eternity. It involves the problems over which the greatest minds and hearts of the world have wrestled and prayed. But when you went away a few years later and joined your father, then, Tad, I think — although I cannot be quite sure — I think that then you found an answer.

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